scandal, this time in other quarters. In addition to embarrassing those whom his influence had led into the ranks of Communism, he lost the handsome royalties that he had begun to receive from Russia.

Thus in his devotion to truth Andre Gide first refused to rely on second-hand evidence; and when he had seen for himself, he hastened to revoke his adherence to a cause he could no longer approve completely, He even warned the French Communist Party against dangerous errors and thus brought upon himself the attacks that have not ceased even now. In this whole episode, however, Andre Gide remained true to his own evolution. After its close he could truthfully repeat the statement he had made before his trip to Moscow:

"I believe that the value of a writer is linked to the revolutionary force that drives him, or more precisely (for I am not so foolish as to recognize artistic value only in leftist writers) in his force of opposition. That force can be found in Bossuet, Chateaubriand, or, even today, in Claudel as well as in Moliere, Voltaire, Hugo, and so many others. In our form of society a great writer or great artist is essentially nonconformist. He swims against the current."

Once again Gide was ahead of his time. In Soviet Russia, as in the new Germany or Fascist Italy, he now discerned a current that he instinctively resisted. At considerable personal sacrifice and at the risk of losing his vast prestige with the young of the world, he once more resolutely took an independent attitude.

That the *Journals* throw new light upon his creative work is indubitable. In 1931 he himself expressed the hope in these pages that the *Journals* might help to prevent the misinterpretation of his works, which are so often misunderstood. Though Gide has frequently warned his reader that he writes to be reread, that he writes for

posterity, that one work must be read in the light of another, it is still helpful to discover here his secret intentions and intimate hesitations. One is more inclined to give his creative writings the deep attention they deserve when one learns how carefully, almost painfully, many of them were elaborated. Often the reader is amazed to find out how long a certain subject has haunted the author — sometimes for ten or fifteen years before publication or even before composition. In fact, the *Journals* constantly bear out the rather presumptuous-seeming letter, written at the age of twenty-four, in which Andre Gide claimed that he could already see his unwritten works, so real they appeared to him, taking their preordained places *among* (rather than after) the already written works in such a way as to form a complete whole only when everything should finally be written.

Yet if the *Journals* merely provided marginal notes for Gide's works, they would interest only specialists. They represent considerably more